

Family Miscellany.

From the Advocate and Guardian.

THEY ARE GONE!

They are gone from our homes but not from our hearts;
We love them as dearly as when they were here;
And even in slumber the memory starts,
From the sources of sorrow within us a tear.

They are gone, they are gone, they shall never return
To the hearth's light and the gladness of home;
But the fires they have kindled forever shall burn,
And the words that they uttered are sweeter than song.

They are gone, they are gone, the dear loved-ones
First brightening up, then fading forlorn,
But the crosses of earth are the crosses of the skies,
As the tears of the night are the smiles of the morn.

They are gone, they are gone, like the day's dying smile,
That melts into sky and the sky into sea;
They have faded and faded, I watching the white,
Till the shadows of sorrow grew dark over me.

They are gone, they are gone! like a star of the night,
A planet or gleam of light, like a star of the night,
But they like the stars that have faded from sight,
From memory's scroll can never fade or die.

WATCHING FOR PA.

Three little forms in the twilight gray,
Scanning the shadows across the sky;
Six little eyes, four black, two blue,
Brimful of love and happiness too.

Watching for pa.
May, with her placid and thoughtful brow,
Gentle face beaming with smiles just now,
Willie the rosy, so loving and gay,
Stealing sly kisses from sister May—
Watching for pa.

Nelly, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Cosily nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window-pane,
Wishing the absent one home again—
Watching for pa.

Oh! how they gaze at the passers-by:
"He's coming at last," they gaily cry;
"Try again, my pet," exclaims mamma,
And Nelly adds, "The twilight star."
Watching for pa.

Jack looks and smiles, as with busy feet
He lights the lamps of their quiet street;
That sweet little girl he knows full well,
May and Willie, with golden haired Nell,
Watching for pa.

Soon joyous shouts from the window seat,
And eager patter of childish feet,
Gay music chimes ring through the hall,
A merry voice responds to the call,
"Welcome, papa!"
Watching for pa.

THEY WILL BE DONE.

When with unclouded ray,
Shines the bright sun,
When summer streamlets play,
And all around is gay,
Then shall the spirit say,
"They will be done!"

No, when the flowers of love
Fade one by one,
When in its blasted grove
The shuddering heart doth rove,
Then say, and look above,
"They will be done!"

COURAGE.

What! worried out with half a life?
Searched with the ungodly strife?
Think where thy coward heart's been flown,
Had Heaven held out the martyr's crown,
How could'st thou hang upon the cross,
To whom a weary hour is loss?

Or how the thorns and scourging brow,
Who shrinkest from a fearful blow,
—Kelle.

SUSAN JOHNSON.

I—first person—speaking—No. 5.

I count myself No. 3, in a family of eleven children. I do not know much concerning my early history, except that on a certain Sabbath in the month of May, 18—, a bunch of emerald muslin was passed into the clergyman's arms, to be christened with the very euphonious name of Susan. I do not know what induced my parents to perpetrate, upon an unresisting infant, such an atrocious wickedness, but as my phylisomy even at that early period, did not give promise of a pug nose, neither did my eyebrows prophesy red hair, I presume the deed to have been consummated, under a feeling of disappointment that I was a girl instead of a boy. Indeed I have heard such a thing hinted; consequently the name has always had a petulant sound to me, and the Ganges instead of the Styx has always symbolized in my imagination the River of Death. I had the good sense to kick lustily during the ceremony, giving promise of my precocious intellect by having a vague idea that something horrible was going on; but no notice was taken of my demonstrations, except to withdraw me from public notice as fast as possible. My existence as a person of some consequence, having been early certified by the vigorous use of all the lungs I could bring to bear upon the subject. Consequently I shall be Susan Johnson to the end of the chapter, for though every body says, I should make somebody a good wife, still the somebody has never been introduced to me who seemed to concur in the general opinion. In the outset I may as well state the end of this article to be self-praise, which, though it "goes but little ways," according to the old poets, will nevertheless cover ground enough to suit my present purposes. I am not one of those fortunate individuals whose memoir will be written after death, with my portrait for a frontispiece, and "Yours Truly, Susan Johnson," as a facsimile of my hand writing, underneath. When I write letters, I am not burdened with the thought that they will be compiled by some broken down minister, in the employ of the American Tract Society, nor do I feel obliged to make trite and witty remarks here and there, in order that the volume may be interesting, and worth the notice of gentlemen who are selecting Sabbath School Libraries. I have never offered myself as missionary to the Board, have never made a donation to the "Home" for aged and indigent females, am not a directress in the Orphan Asylum, and have never distributed tracts in my life, consequently I have never done anything, which would be considered a "notable miracle"—except by myself. I am simply what is called in the vernacular of social life, a "capable girl," and here let me advise all young ladies who come anywhere within the scope of my influence, to speedily, and forever abandon their prejudices to the word "shiftless," for they are unreasonable and foolish, as I shall undertake to prove. Shiftlessness is like salt. One needs a little for "seasoning," and because one cannot make a dinner on Lot's wife, is no reason why he should not salt his porridge.

Do not think in order to accomplish any

thing, that you must be able to do everything. There is such a thing as being too efficient. The laurels of life are not won by the hardest workers. An equal distribution of power points to the catastrophe of the "one horse shay!" So be shiftless somewhere, as a matter of policy. Nobody works so hard, on such poor encouragement, and with such scanty appreciation, as a thoroughly capable person.

I speak that I do know. The "certain woman named Martha," of Scriptural memory, always had a peculiar hold upon my sympathies, in her complaint to the Lord, that her sister had left her to serve alone. Here is a Biblical, busy, energetic, "cumbered" Martha! She it was, who made Bethany's home so comfortable after all; though, as is usual in such cases, she didn't get the credit, and I think, though I do not profess to be a theologian, and am not given to expounding the "word," that it is a triumphant vindication of her christian character, that it is written; "Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him, but Mary sat still in the house."

With what quick business talent, she proceeds to handle the subject which lay heavily on her heart. "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had died!" Then follows the calm, strong, dignified declaration of her faith; "But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." And all this time Mary was sitting still, while Martha, the housekeeper, whose business it was to serve at supper, had met calmly and solved clearly, the family problem of doubt and distress, and steadily poised, now turns back to lead her weeping sister to her place at Jesus' feet. Truly, the Marthas of life, "careful and troubled about many things," the Marthas "cumbered about much serving" cannot be spared, for there would be no Marys who could find time to sit still; but they must expect no "well done" and they are simply "capable," therefore contented, and that is all. It is very well in reply to all this, talk about "modest merit," "unassuming goodness," "unobtrusive merit," and a quiet conscience in pay therefore. It is a humbug! The whole of it! Nobody wants to work on, and work over, and then go to pieces in a still way, missed only as a convenient self-regulating machine. I think Paul understood it, when he said, "Seeing that many glory of the flesh, I will glory also. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one; I stoned; three I suffered shipwreck, &c."

With Paul "I have become a lion in glorying"—ye have compelled me; for I ought to have been commended of you; for I am not behind the very chiefest apostles" of hard work. As I said before, I am the capable member of the household; appearing on the scenes unfortunately early, and finding my name very near the top of the page in the family record.

In fact, I am Miss Johnson proper. My two older sisters having opened genealogical tables on their own account. Every one of our family are remarkable for something, except myself. One is witty, another is talented, a third is beautiful, a fourth is graceful, a fifth is a musician, a sixth is an artist, and so on. But I am only "capable," and my name is Susan, or, as they call me in a hurry, "Sue."

I can paint a little, draw a little, play the piano and sing a little, teach a little, make tea a little. I can wash, bake, brew, sew, knit, do worsted work, embroidery, draw, use hammer and nails, harness the horses, drive the cows, make matches, tend babies, break matches, entertain company, and write for the papers. I am the very goddess of exigencies. Are there dishes to wash, or stockings to darn, pie to make, or children to dress, excursions to plan, or churches to trim for Christmas, muslins to starch, or shirts to mend, hoppers to cut, or tins to scour, the only question to ask is, where is Sue? I am cook, chambermaid, nurse, seamstress, parlor boarder and kitchen girl, all in one, consequently an nobody at all. I wind up at six o'clock in the morning, and tick energetically every second until eleven o'clock at night, but nobody knows there is any thing remarkable about me, or if they think of me at all, only conclude I'm "round in spirits," just at the most providential time, and "turn up," for good on all unfortunate occasions. Company at the family mansion notice Miss Fanny because she is pretty, they admire Miss Carrie because she has an original mind, and is generally considered an embryo genius; they laugh at Miss Helen because she is witty, but before they get the "rounds," they are either exhausted and can go no farther, or they think she is "cumbered about much serving," that she does not demand any flattering attentions. So I plod on, day after day. About once an hour I take an inventory of the younger members of the family, who are under my charge, using my fingers, as children do, to aid me in the abstract mathematical calculation, usually arriving at some result not far from the following: Fanny and Eddy are in school, Georgy is in the Common, playing ball, Julia is in the library making paper dolls, Johnny has gone a fishing, not knowing that he isn't at the bottom of the pond until I hear him shouting through the house for Sue; the baby—good heavens! where is the baby? they're swallowing a pin, or travelling bump bump, bump, down the cellar stairs, head first, if I don't spring and catch him in season. But Mrs. Johnson is the mother of the family, Mrs. Johnson is to be consoled with, in her numerous cares. She isn't anybody! She isn't tried! I travel only in one direction, to and fro, from my sister's, who married a minister. When her girl leaves just before spring cleaning, when the church quarrels, and a council is to be entertained, when the "Association" meets with my Rev. brother-in-law, when my sister makes an entry upon that genealogical table before mentioned, then Sue "comes handy," and is sent for, at the great expense of home convenience. The doors of the Parsonage open wide to receive her at such times, and a poor, sick, teething baby is put immediately into Aunt's arms. While its father and mother are discussing the text, "Train up a child in the way he should go," while they debate the doctrine of total depravity, and try to determine whether or not the child is an intelligent sinner, I can rub its gums with parigoric, squeeze beans out of its nose, match its fingers away from the lamp, barricade the back door with chairs turned bottom sides upward, and establish a general system of police regulations about the stove. I can trot, and tend, and rock, and jump the little fellow all day long, Sunday, so his father and mother can go to church, and then have the Rev. say to me, after returning from divine service in the evening, that he wishes I was a

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And girls, I feel constrained, in view of my lamentable experience, to warn you again, against becoming everybody in general, and nobody in particular. If you do not make too extensive a business of it, it is well to be shiftless, on some points, here and there. It doesn't follow because Catherine Beecher made a cook book, that Catherine Beecher can make a pie, fit to be eaten! I do not presume that Mrs. Browning was what is called a capable woman, but she was Mrs. Browning, nevertheless, and the world knows it. It may be objected to the tenor of these remarks, that a reputation is not so desirable in every one's eyes, as it appears to be in mine, and that many live in the shade, and are content. So be it! I confess frankly, I am not one of the number. Appreciation, in a greater or less degree, as circumstances warrant, does seem to me a very agreeable arrangement, though the truth is, after all, if I were to live my life over again, I do suppose I should be the very same Susan Johnson, from deliberate choice, especially when I remember how pleasant it is to be able to do something for everybody, and notwithstanding my knowledge, that such stock is "below par" in the social market, except upon certain occasions, when it experiences a sudden "advance."

Heaven help the private who are fighting the battles of life, and may the Master not let to work on, and work over, and then go to pieces in a still way, missed only as a convenient self-regulating machine. I think Paul understood it, when he said, "Seeing that many glory of the flesh, I will glory also. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one; I stoned; three I suffered shipwreck, &c."

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It is no use for my readers to make wry faces, at this exposition of my personal virtues. I claim the privilege of grumbling, once. It shall be the last time. I shall continue to live "all over the lot," and go rambling down to the grave with nobody to write my epitaph, but with plenty of people to say that Susan Johnson was a "very capable girl," at which abomination, my ghost will cry out, that therefore Susan Johnson was a fool!

And girls, I feel constrained, in view of my lamentable experience, to warn you again, against becoming everybody in general, and nobody in particular. If you do not make too extensive a business of it, it is well to be shiftless, on some points, here and there. It doesn't follow because Catherine Beecher made a cook book, that Catherine Beecher can make a pie, fit to be eaten! I do not presume that Mrs. Browning was what is called a capable woman, but she was Mrs. Browning, nevertheless, and the world knows it. It may be objected to the tenor of these remarks, that a reputation is not so desirable in every one's eyes, as it appears to be in mine, and that many live in the shade, and are content. So be it! I confess frankly, I am not one of the number. Appreciation, in a greater or less degree, as circumstances warrant, does seem to me a very agreeable arrangement, though the truth is, after all, if I were to live my life over again, I do suppose I should be the very same Susan Johnson, from deliberate choice, especially when I remember how pleasant it is to be able to do something for everybody, and notwithstanding my knowledge, that such stock is "below par" in the social market, except upon certain occasions, when it experiences a sudden "advance."

Heaven help the private who are fighting the battles of life, and may the Master not let to work on, and work over, and then go to pieces in a still way, missed only as a convenient self-regulating machine. I think Paul understood it, when he said, "Seeing that many glory of the flesh, I will glory also. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one; I stoned; three I suffered shipwreck, &c."

With Paul "I have become a lion in glorying"—ye have compelled me; for I ought to have been commended of you; for I am not behind the very chiefest apostles" of hard work. As I said before, I am the capable member of the household; appearing on the scenes unfortunately early, and finding my name very near the top of the page in the family record.

In fact, I am Miss Johnson proper. My two older sisters having opened genealogical tables on their own account. Every one of our family are remarkable for something, except myself. One is witty, another is talented, a third is beautiful, a fourth is graceful, a fifth is a musician, a sixth is an artist, and so on. But I am only "capable," and my name is Susan, or, as they call me in a hurry, "Sue."

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THE PRINCIPALIA.

"I guess not my dear. I rather think you wouldn't succeed very well."
"Couldn't I make 'em shine, mamma?" inquired the child, in a desponding tone.
"I don't think you could, Charlie."

"Well, now, I know what I can do!" exclaimed the child, after a moment's thought. "I won't be hard work neither. I can cut papa's hair, and he can pay me instead of the barber."

"I hardly believe papa would consent to that, Master Charlie," replied his mother laughing. "I'm afraid he'd think his little son wouldn't improve him much."